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SQUARE.**

THE CIRCULATION OF

THE EVENING WORLD

ON

Friday, Aug. 23,

WAS PRECISELY

348,010

COPIES.

But even on days when there is no event of extraordinary public interest THE EVENING WORLD sells few copies. For instance, its circulation on Thursday, Aug. 22, was

170,370

COPIES.

THE BEHRING SEA MUDDLE

With apologies to the office-hunters for interrupting their fun, it is time President Biggs and his secretary took a day off to study the Behring Sea question and come to some conclusion about it.

The Rush goes on with her unscrupulous seizures and turns confiscated vessels loose with orders to proceed to Sitka as prize. It is no wonder that the emptying of these vessels, without orders from the State Department, without, in fact, any definition—no matter how broad—of policy under which to act, is making the Canadians mad as hornets and may foment serious trouble on the borders.

All that alleviates Canadian wrath is the ridiculous figure that we eat when these prizes turn their backs upon Sitka and streak it for some British-Canadian port.

Let us know where we stand in this Behring Sea business.

MINDFUL OF HIS PEOPLE.

There may be something besides gold lace and belligerence about young German Wilhelm after all. There was a touch of his good old grandfather in a thing he said yesterday to a member of the Provincial Council: "The existing laws for the protection of laborers in Prussia are deplorable. They are insufficient to protect workmen from the greed of capitalists, and reform is urgently necessary."

Now back up this sort of talk with some economic reform legislation in behalf of the workers and it will do you more credit, Wilhelm, than a half dozen victories on the battle-field.

FLEA FLEA.

The melancholy days have come. So have the fleas. Scratch, denizen of Harlequin Square, hanger-on about the City Hall Wriggle, O'man! in all places of our dominion, up the east side and down the west side, over in Jersey and along the quiet thoroughfares of Brooklyn.

For the plague of fleas has come.

Mark the formidable aspect of even but one of the members of the multitudinous invading army, caught by the faithful camera and enlarged by the undaunted microscope. Note the havoc he has made in the precincts of the town. Read the old, old story of the wicked flea whom every man, especially in Harlequin, pursued.

Take unto thyself carbolic acid soap and forever the companionship of the pesky spaniel. Cultivate looseness of garment and agility of apprehension.

WHO ARE THE BRUTES?

ANDREW CARNEGIE doesn't want to discuss strikes "because they're brutal."

Well, who are the brutes? The underpaid white slaves of Pennsylvania or the multi-millionaires who rear their fortunes on the abject poverty and suffering of their employees?

IT WILL NEVER DO.

such ball-playing as the Giants did yesterday will not save the pennant. They lost the game by misplays and inability to make hits when runs were to be had for the hitting.

Boston is a determined antagonist and well as a strong one. The time is brief. The Giants cannot afford to lose a single trick.

Boulangier has more lives than a cat. Already a reaction of sentiment in the General's favor has set in Paris, and LAUGUERD is on his way to London to get the doughty General to go home. Poor France! Can you not, among all your brave and brilliant ones, find a more worthy idol? You will

never cease worshipping this one until he is shattered and the fragments burned.

WELL, DESIGNER BURGESS?

This Scotch cutter Minerva seems invincible. Day after day she walks away with ease from the forty-forters, and Mr. Burgess, of Boston, is reaching a state of chagrin which amounts almost to congestion.

What is he going to do about it?

Tailors, telegraph linemen, and all sorts of tailors are joining the London dockmen's strike. So it grows and grows. Don't delay too long, you hungry corporations. When this snow melts there'll come a flood!

Gossip of Police Headquarters.

Chief-Inspector Byrnes and Inspector Williams have been sailing, the former with no malice in his face and the latter with poisoned hands in his.

Detective Sarah, Charlie Heidelberg is on his vacation. Before he started the boys presented him with a box of Remas, which were placed in Clark Harriett's rooms for safe keeping. During the night the Hayavans were exchanged for frightened bald eagles, and Heidelberg carried them away to smoke in the country. He is still alive.

Phil Reilly says he wouldn't be found dead in Hell, where Bushnell, the embezzler, escaped. Detectives are unknown there, and he was exonerated by Americans and condemned by the natives as a scoundrel. Bushnell, he declares, is a short-tempered player and runs several baccarat games in Santiago and Valparaiso. Hence his great popularity.

Trusster Gott traces his ancestry to colonial days, and his friends feel that he was slighted by the Continental Committee, many of whom were not American born.

Sup. Murray will return from his vacation next week and will go away again later in September. Inspector Steeds is not due until Sept. 26. He is running the camp-meetings at Ocean Grove.

Inspector Condin is putting in heavy work, and his district is in great shape. The men are loyal and the commanders enforce discipline as laid down by the Inspector.

WORLDLINE.

Sir John A. Macdonald, the "Grand Old Man" of the Dominion of Canada, is now seventy-five years old. He has hoary features, with a prominent nose, thin lips, and a square chin. He gives no sign of his advancing age, but appears, on the contrary, to grow younger as the years roll on.

L. J. Frank, of Bedford, N.H., claims to be the oldest postmaster in years of service in the country. He has been in office for twenty-nine years.

Frederick W. Gilliam, who was killed in Yazoo County, Miss., recently in a personal encounter with one Gordon, was a direct descendant of Napoleon's famous general, Davout.

One of the richest men in Boston is J. Montgomery Sears, who has a fortune of \$10,000,000.

Belva Lockwood's Side-Notes from London, in the SUNDAY WORLD.

A VERY REASONABLE COMPLAINT.

Cannot the Gathering of Garbage Be Facilitated to Avert This Nuisance to the Stockholders?

To the Editor of The Evening World.

Inclosed please find \$3 for the Baby's Sick Fund, collected by

MISS FLORA ALBERT,
MISS ANNIE BIRGEN,
MISS CATHERINE PETRIE,
MISS LOUISA ZIEGLER.

P. S.—It is a small amount, but we hope

it will do some good to some unfortunate.

By a Pinwheel Sale.

To the Editor of The Evening World.

Inclosed please find 50 cents, the proceeds of a pinwheel sale, which was held by three little East New York girls.

Belva Lockwood's Side-Notes from London, in the SUNDAY WORLD.

For the Nobles of Charities.

To the Editor of The Evening World.

Inclosed please add \$1, which you will

please add to your baby fund, that nobles of public monuments. Yours truly,

Mrs. M. D.

Many Heavy Thanks.

To the Editor of The Evening World.

Inclosed please find \$1.50, the contents of

the pinwheel box, which we send you weekly

from the first to the last day of the month.

It comes a boy from the Elliott Floral

Company with an acre of yellow, pink and

white gladioli, gorgeous tiger lilies and

vibrant dahlias of crimson, damask,

magenta and gold.

In comes the band of Jenny Wrens

nesting on them with a cartful of

candy and a wagonful of dresses, night-

suits, skirts and underwear, sixty suits

in all, every stitch of their own

pretty, dimpled hands, and the last stitch not

knit till 2 o'clock this morning.

In comes Dr. Lombard and Samuel

Hawkins with instruments, bandages, balms,

lotions, excursion tickets and prescriptions.

In comes wide-awake, busineslike, keen-

witted Dr. Julia Howard Lombard, with six-

teen little girls, bareheaded, barefooted and half naked, that she has chaperoned all the

way from Five Points.

In comes Henry Stoehr and his clerk, from

Third Avenue, to take the measures for

the new shoes, for which purpose White

Elephant's check has been reserved.

With the aid of Tom and the doctors and

the gentle Wrens, we get the big girls and

little girls seated about the great dancing

hall, and then just as the sweet voices in

the Emma-Juch Opera Company begin the

gavotte from "Mignon"—the painful duty of

dismissal occurs.

It is too bad to turn any away, but the

truth is only forty were invited, and for

them the dumpy Wren clothes and the White

Elephant suits were intended.

It is no use; fractions won't work, and

there is nothing to do but select the highest

caste of poverty, make acceptable as possible

our apologies, till the pockets of the little

girls and boys till they bulge with carameles

and gumballs, and squeeze into the thin,

tired hands of the disappointed mothers the

gloves, brightest flowers on the basket, and

lemon griot with eau-fraîche and a ticket for

the sail in the Thomas A. Morgan.

The remaining 140 is still an embarrassment,

but one can be repulsed, and so instead

of three suits for the forty sisters of the

Stock Baby Fund we work on the plan of the

greatest good to the greatest number and

give 60 girls, between the ages of seven and

fourteen, one outfit.

And they are beautiful, too. Not fuzzy,

for there isn't a tuft nor a frill nor a ruff

in sight, nor a mustache, but the material is

good, for the men in the house of Calum & Co. are judges, and the sewing could be

neater, the cutting more accurate or the

gatherings and hemming surer if designed for

the pretensions of royalty.

There are nightgowns, too. Think of!

A luxury of raiment hitherto unheard of by the recipients. And the dresses are

yoked, the little under-waists are stayed, and the buttons about them are as clear and white

as the purest porcelain.

Another dismissal is obligatory in order to

reduce the company to the size of the

Wrens, go around and around with prodigal bags of candy, the

freshest, brightest flowers are tied into

bouquets, more carafe and more tickets are

promised, we supply the money for the

prescriptions issued by the vigilant doctors,

and again apo-gaze and say good-by.

By way of selecting the reluctant and dis-